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Oct. 17, 1917

THE SPIRIT



AHS

Special War Edition

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R OFFICE 373 AME 1917
Ames High School (Ames,
Spirit.

on

What Others Think of the Edison

Prof. Summer, C. R. Quade and the Tribune man had a regular musical at the Quade studio the first of the week, and it was such an international affair that it was more than interesting. This is no advertisement, by any means, but written after being imbued with the wonderful things that come from the disc of the more wonderful Edison Re-created instruments. Some person had sent a circular letter to the Tribune man that told of Anna Case singing "The Star Spangled Banner" for the Edison people. It was to hear this selection that the reporter went to the Quade studio. Miss Case is well known in Ames from having appeared here a number of times and in the "Star Spangled Banner" she has fairly outdone any effort of the past. There is that feeling that comes with the music that Anna had thrown her whole soul into the music, and it is now passed up to the people just at the patriotic time. Every person who owns an Edison should have the record and they should play it every hour in the day for it will do them a lot of good. On the reverse side of the record is "My Country 'Tis of Thee" as sung by Arthur Middleton, an Iowa boy who was raised in Indianola and who is now with the Metropolitan Opera company of New York. This is another disc that people should hear and have. During the recital, the national airs of America, Belgium, Russia, England and France were played, and this brings the thought what a wonderful thing the phonograph has gotten to be when we can sit down or stand up and hear the national music of our allies. Some day if your patriotism is a little on the wane go down to the Quade studio and we are sure Mr. Quade will be just as glad to furnish the music that will quicken your heartbeat as he was when we were there. And there is just this about it: With Anna Case singing "The Star Spangled Banner" there were three old duffers who stood, heads uncovered. They represented three nations in breeding but one nation in feeling, and their one thought was that of "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."—Ames Tribune.

The Quade Studio

C. R. QUADE
Artist Photographer

417 Main
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VOL. VII.

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, OCT. 17, 1917

NO. 4

AT THE FRONT**Have a Heart!**

Why not write to the soldier boys? Perhaps several of us shall be in the army in a few years and wouldn't we like to hear from home and school. Many of our friends are now in training camps or on the way to France and a word from us would cheer them up and give them courage. A soldier encounters many temptations, often a word of praise or encouragement helps to conquer them. Let us drop a line to the lads and they will surely appreciate it and it will give the writer pleasure. The addresses of the boys are given below:

Rufus Hoon, Paul McNeil, Will Rickets, Winifred Crabbs, Jay Elliott, Douglas Waitley, Don Soper. Address: 1st M. C. Iowa Field Artillery, Deming, N. Mex.

George Dunlap, Bernice Posegate, Harold Seymour, John Taylor, Arthur Speers. Address: 109 Trench Mortar Co., Camp Cody, Deming, N. Mex.

Paul Hammond, Warren Reinhart, Harold Loughorn. Address: Co. I, 168 U. S. Infantry, Camp Mills, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.

Gifford Terry, Chas. Nowlin, Bob Sage. Address: 1st Co. Ft. Winfield Scott, San Francisco.

Corp. Elmer Jones, 31st Aero Squadron Sig. Corps, Forces to France, Chief Sig. Officer, Wash. D. C.

Louis Grey U. S. S. Essex, Great Lakes, Ill.

Lyle McCarty, 3d Company Oahu, Ft. Kamehameha, Honolulu, H. I.

Art Baling, Coast Artillery, Honolulu, H. I.

Harvey Fitch, Harvard U. S. N. Radio Div., Cambridge, Mass.

Floyd Mabie, Co. A., Iowa Engineers, Camp Dodge.

Orville Aplan, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Wm. Nelson, Cavalry, Fort Bliss, Tex.

Deming, New Mexico, Sept. 28, 1917.

Roy Stewart writing to his parents says: "Well we're finally here. Got here at about 12:00 this noon. They pulled us up within a quarter of a mile of our camp so we didn't have a very long job moving our junk. They first took us up to where we were to put our tents but later transferred us to the new Regimental Hospital. It has just been finished so we will have the job of washing all the windows, floor and policing the ground. It is a large building built in an H shape. Its larger than the Battery's large tent that they had at Des Moines. There are separate rooms for dentists, four lieutenants, our captain and the major, besides an operating room, dispensing rooms, a kitchen and a number of others. We fellows will have to take care of the building, and police the grounds and I guess cook for ourselves and patients. Now if that isn't enough to keep 24 busy, I'll eat my hat.

I'll try to tell you something about the camp. We are about 4½ miles from Deming. The camp is west of town and stretched out in a string. There's nothing but sand and a little shrubbery that looks like an over grown pineapple and a little cactus but not as much of it as I expected. I went outside of the hospital and just kept wiggling my feet and soon was down to the top of my shoes. All the companies have a cook shack and a mess hall combined. These are either electric lighted or are wired. There aren't lights in the hospital yet but it is all wired.

This sure is a funny atmosphere. It is so light. Some of the fellows have trouble in breathing. We can see mountains on all sides of us just as clear as if they were only a couple of miles away but the closest are 20 miles. The highest one reaches way above the first range and is 50 miles, but we can see it plainly. Maybe that sounds fishy but it's a fact. Love,

"Stew."

Dear Folks:

When you receive this little line we will be in training "somewhere in England."

We had a fine trip over until today or rather tonight. It is a long story but will have to state it in a few words.

We were chased by "subs" once or twice and went quite a way out of the channel to miss some German Raiders.

Yesterday we were met by an Escort of a little American Destroyer. Everything was going fine until just after sunset this evening, when they spied a "sub." Their shots were fired from the deck guns, when the sub disappeared. Just as luck would have it the noise of the—censored.

It is sure a queer feeling to be in danger and yet be happy and singing. The bunch are out in the hatch now singing and it is just an hour since we thought our boat was sinking. We have been in the boat ever since Aug. 23 and I will sure be glad when we pull into Liverpool tomorrow.

We are on the S. S. Baltic, the one that was reported sunk, instead we were lying in Halifax harbor waiting, we left there Sept. 5.

This evening was the first taste of war we had and—censored. Had my first sight of power balloons and patrol ships.

Love,

Elmer.

Leslie Gray received the following letter:

"We left Great Lakes on Sept. 19, for south Manitou Island where we were to be engaged in battle with an imaginary enemy. It was merely to train recruits.

After we had been to sea for about ten hours it began to get rough, so rough that we ate our supper on the deck.

The thing that interested me most was the cook trying to fry eggs. He was chasing them from one end of the stove to the other. But he had plenty of patience, so we had part of our supper at least.

A few moments after every one had a chance to eat, they began to get rid of it. You could see at least 20 with their necks stretched over board, some wishing that they could walk back, some wishing they had joined the army but most could not express themselves.

Our executive officer suggested that we pour water down their necks. He said in a growling manner, "That will make 'em snap out of it."

After two days run, we arrived at the island ready for our war maneuver. Soon as we weighed anchor the boatswain's mate passed the word "scrub" and "wash clothes at the port gang way." That gave permission to any one to scrub who had even an unclean article in his sea bag.

I had a very unusually large washing that week, so started on my task. After I had completed my washing I immediately turned in, thinking tonight I would get a good night's rest but no such luck. About 12 o'clock (or 8 bells) I heard the Bugler sound, "Abandon ship drill," that meant all the boats had to be lowered in the quickest possible way. All you could see was sailors scrambling in all directions for their stations. Everything went off in ship shape style and soon every sailor was sound asleep, swinging to and fro in his dream sack hammock.

The next day and the two following were devoted to target practice. Some good record shots were fired. Several had perfect scores.

I should have told you something of the island. It has only a few inhabitants, although it is very fertile. It is one of the most beautiful islands along the large chain. North Manitou is equally as beautiful.

Had six more days to stay and hardly any provisions aboard so we steamed to Traverse City where we took on our supplies, then started back for the island. After we had gotten within seven miles of our destination, the Captain decided to have a race under sails. All six boats were lowered, made sail and started for the race.

After we had gone about a quarter of a mile from the ship the wind died down. We lay drifting about until dark. Finally we got a strong North Wester. It almost drove us on the beach. We had no light of any kind. The only guide we had was the light house. We had four miles to go after we passed the light house. We furl-ed our sails and pulled the rest of the way. I didn't mind it so much while pulling but the next morning and the next day.

Next day was Friday, a day every sailor hates. It is a general clean up day. Scrub decks, paint, overhaul all lines. It usually lasts from five in the morning until in the afternoon. All decks are dried down and everything made up in ship shape manner.

Captains inspect on Saturday. Everyone is busily engaged in shifting uniforms, scrubbing teeth and shining shoes. At inspection, everyone shines like a newly-made dollar. The Captain was much pleased with the appearance of the ship in general. So he decided to have a landing party. (It was a treat.)

The 1st division was to be the first landing force. They were to be given a half hour's head start of the second. Soon as they were shore they were to conceal themselves any place on the island.

The 2d division was to pursue the others until captured or else shot. (None however were shot.)

Everyone was given a rifle belt, twenty round of ammunition and a full equipment. Soon as the second party arrived, scouts were sent from all directions, sharp shooters were stationed in the trees and almost in every bush. I was in the second party, and was detailed as a spy. There were four in the firing squad, including Chief Gunners mate. We were dressed in civilian clothing that were borrowed from a fisherman. None of the things fit us but we got away with it.

The spies traveled in two's. The first two carried a shovel pretending that he was replanting trees and the Chief and I had a basket filled with burlap sacks. We walked by the enemy's lines unnoticed. Thus got some valuable information. The second division was victorious.

After the war games we started for the Sailors, then went to Chi for coal. It took three or four hours to coal the ship. The coaling was done. So started for the station.

Last night was sure a miserable night, rough and raining. Loaded stores until midnight and still had more ashore.

Yesterday they discharged the other crew and now we have 200 more. Oh! for the life of a training ship.

We are to get underway soon for somewhere but don't know our destination. It must be another cruise because we now

have enough stores to last six weeks.

Well dear Bob must close for this time as I have a large day ahead of me. Expecting to hear from you soon, I remain as ever,

Your loving

Louis.

THE DEATH OF THE SECOND IOWA.

Of course you know that the Second Iowa Infantry has died (though it came to life in the form of a trench mortar company), and so we had to have a funeral for it. That was last Sunday afternoon, Sept. 30. We had the band out, and they played some funeral stuff while we marched around a few blocks with our hats off. After the burial service (and it sure was good), we took the band, went down town and had a snake dance that had traffic tied up for about an hour and a half. When we became 109 Trench Mortar Co., we had to move of course. We are about three miles from Camp now, and they are keeping us busy.

George Dunlap.

In a letter home to his folks, Jay Elliot, who now is with the Ames Medical unit in Camp Cody at Deming, New Mexico, describes the camp where the medical unit is established.

They are housed in wooden barracks, instead of in their tents, which is pleasing to the boys. Jay says that when they arrived at Deming the temperature was 118 degrees in the shade, if it was possible to find any shade. In the evening the mercury falls to about 35 degrees.

The camp is surrounded on the north, south and west by mountains, and from the reservation they look to be not more than two miles distant, but to be exact they are about fifty. The trip to Deming was a joyful one to be sure, although I guess they rode in the stock car most of the way.

In his letter Elliot says, "The sand blows like snow and my clothes look as if I had rolled in flour." There are about 8,000 Mexicans in Deming, dirty as bed bugs and slippery as eels. However, I guess there are a few white people who are human, but few. The country is full of horned toads, centipedes and snakes. "Every morning," Elliot says, "I tip my shoes over to see how many will fall out."

The water is good, about 99.99 per cent pure. The camp is in an old river bed between the mountains.

In his letter he says, "High cost of living exists here as well as in Ames, two handkerchiefs for 40c, eggs 60c per dozen, candy, not one of the best brands, sells at this place at \$1.25 per pound, however, cigars, shaves and haircuts have been kept at the old figure."

Elsie Elliot.

Mr. Steffey also received a card from Winifred Crabbs while on the way to Camp Cody. Tom Sloss in writing to his mother, says: "We are about ten miles from the Texas border. We have Pullman sleepers. This country is nothing but cotton and niggers." A letter was received from the Ames boys who were at Deming shortly after the beginning of school, but it has been crowded out each issue until it is out of date. We hope to get another, and with our larger Spirit we will be able to publish it. Any of you who are writing to the soldiers, please add your personal plea for a letter for the Spirit. Remember we are all interested in them and want to keep in close touch with them.

Dear Mr. Steffey:

Will write and thank you for the copies of the "Spirit" I've received, and surely enjoy reading the A. H. S. news. We are leaving for Deming, N. M. tomorrow, (Fri.) noon, so we will soon be with the other fellows and Co. I of Ames. All the fellows are O. K. and in excellent health. We've been playing football and boxing and expect to be in trim to start beating the world with our (almost A. H. S.) football team on the Border. Give my best regards to all the fellows in A. H. S. please, and thanking you again for the "Spirit," I am

Yours Respectfully,

"Ruf" Hoon.

From a college English class: "Ben Johnson was born in London when his father and mother were living in Dublin."

"There stood a white mule, calm and decomposed."

Miss Coffey in Chem: "One drop of cyanide of Potassium placed on the tongue of a rabbit would kill the strongest man."

IT'S A LONG WAY FROM OLD AMERICA

To the tune of
(Its a long way to Tipperary.)

Over to America
Came word from France one day,
Asking if we'd give support
To subdue Germany.
Uncle Sam spoke right up,
"Why, yes, of course we will,
By sub and ship and areoplane
We'll give Old Bill' his fill."

Chorous:

It's a long way from old America,
It's a long way from home,
It's a long way from old America,
But we're going to hold our own.
Then it's goodbye to the old Kaiser,
Farewell ever more;
For we're going to get that old Wilhelm,
When we reach that shore.

When old Uncle Sammie asked
Our boys to volunteer,
All our bravest heard the call
And came from far and near.
They were anxious to be off
And fight for the U. S. A.,
And as they left their dear old homes
Fe heard our "Sammies" say:

Chorous:

—Martha Lesan '19.

Miss Thornburg in Biology: "What kinds of trees grow in the south?"

Chivalier Adams: "Quarter sawed oak."

Rozella's Soldier Friend in Camp Dodge: "See that nigger? He's so black that a charcoal mark would make a white streak on his face."

Miss Gates in Geometry: "Norman what does angle B. O. H. and B. O. S. equal?"

Norman C.: "They equal BOSH."

Miss Fickel: "You were absent yesterday, where were you?"

Soph: "At the cemetery."

Miss F.: "Any one dead?"

Soph: "Sure, all of them."

The Literary Issue of

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EDITORIAL.

"Where can I find any material on the war?" "No, I never read anything about the war, its too horrible!" "Who is Haig, is he some relation to Kerensky?" Whenever the subject of war is mentioned, those around usually look bored or answer in some such careless way as above; and yet, our country is in the greatest, most horrible, most interesting war of the world and immortal men are springing up before our eyes.

The books dealing with this war now number in the hundreds, pamphlets in the thousands, and articles, stories, poems and descriptive letters, into the millions according to an authority. All magazines and papers carry some material on the war, yet some high school students seemingly are not even concerned. In France and Belgium children in the primer schools know the Star Spangled Banner, in A. H. S. very few students could even recognize the Marseillaise, or know that America has the same tune as God Save the King. For the last three years students in history classes attempted, at least, to divert the recitation into a discussion of the war, now it is never mentioned. In the Halls you never hear war mentioned except jokingly as, "What do you know about that 'aig'?" Surely we are not tempting providence to give us a bigger jolt, by not waking up now to the fact that we are in the war.

Maybe the war is horrible, maybe it

makes you mad to read of children having their arms and legs cut off to amuse the German officers by their helpless squirmings, maybe it makes you sick to read of the men and vermine all mixed in German prison camps. Is that any reason why you should idly twirl your thumbs and look bored when war is mentioned? Don't always take the easy course. Get mad, cry, do anything that will wake you up and make you eager to do your bit. Every one is telling us that our place is in school. Most of us accept this too easily, and go on leading a life of loafing and just "getting by." We waste money and time in picture shows, and both sugar and money by eating candy while the money and food would often give a Belgian child a bit of dry, hard, tasteless bread, and would swing the scale from slow starvation to almost normal nourishment.

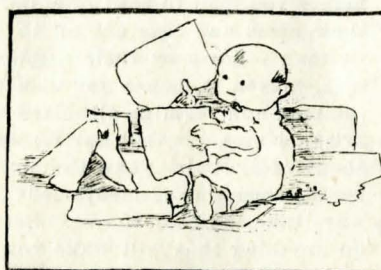
High School Boys and Girls, aren't you ashamed? Aren't you ashamed to blacken our school's almost perfect record of patriotism. Think of what our boys who enlisted are sacrificing. Our boys are giving all their time, energy, future, to their country and many of them will give their lives. We are, some of us, giving bits of time otherwise wasted, a few pennies, or being contented by sharing our parent's contributions. The names of our boys should be mentioned in reverence. We even loaf instead of studying or working when we should be preparing to take the place of some better men and women who will give their lives. We play instead of going into debating or oratory which would fit us to lead in public life, or football which develops character, body and morals at the same time. The Y. M. C. A. is, we believe, the only High School organization which has taken any interest and there are only eighteen fellows contributing. Nobody has done so much that he cannot do more. We, who are going to be the citizens, the army, the hope of tomorrow are showing a decided lack of patriotism.

Are we going to go on in this way?

Dorothy McCarroll, who was hurrying to her English room ran into the arms of Mr. Steffey.

"Pardon me, Dorothy," he said very politely.

Dot: "Oh, sure, that's alright!"



LITERARY

FIRST PRIZE IN WAS STORY CONTEST

"TELL THE SAMMIES

I LOVE OLD GLORY, TOO!"

"The fellows want a story, so tell us one, Joe."

Joe, who was thinking of home, sighed and laid down the letter he was reading 'over again.'

"What shall I tell you, boys?" he asked. "Do you want a new one?"

"No, give us, 'Tell the Sammies', you will, won't you, Joe?" exclaimed a fair haired youth as he came down the trench to where the group were talking.

Joe lived with each character as he told a tale, and, as a result the characters lived before the eyes of his audience, causing them to forget for the time, their own cares. The boys liked to hear him at any time, but, above all, they wished to be present when he could be persuaded to tell them the story known to them as 'Tell the Sammies.'

All who were at liberty gathered about the narrator imploringly though each of them knew the story almost word for word.

"I'll tell you, boys, I've sort of fallen out of the 'Pink' tonight but I suppose I may as well cheer up and tell you your story so—

"It was in the early summer just after we boys had been shipped across the pond.

None of us knew what war really was but we were learning as we plodded wearily through France on our way to the Trenches.

I don't know just how it happened but for some reason we had to camp about eight days on the spot where a little French village had recently stood. There wasn't much left of it then, nothing but the charred skeletons of the cottages and

dwellings and one or two half destroyed houses.

In one of those ruins a French peasant woman and her daughter were living. Some how when the Fritzies looted the village, these two had escaped harm. The daughter was a pretty little ten year old, she had some sort of a French tongue-twister for a name, but the boys all called her 'Sunny' for she was so bright and gay, just like a ray of sunshine.

She used to come to camp every day and the boys petted her and made a lot over her.

She couldn't talk much English but she understood all we said to her and was quick to pick up phrases, so the fellows taught her a good deal.

She was crazy about Old Glory and could salute like a little soldier. Whenever she appeared she begged us to tell her about Old Glory and the States.

All the fellows thought a heap of her but she seemed to like me best, don't know why, I'm sure, and she'd follow me around like my shadow till she saw I wasn't busy. Then she'd come fluttering up to me, with those big eyes of hers a shining an' she'd say,

"Jack"—she never would call me Joe—"Jack, tell 'bout the Sammies, to Sunny, 'bout Old Glory, too!"

We felt mighty bad to leave the little thing, we'd all grown to think so much of her but moving orders came and we broke camp.

The last thing we saw as we marched away that morning was little Sunny standing by the path, waving a little American flag one of our boys had given her, and her black eyes a shining as she called out—

'Tell the Sammies I love Old Glory—too!' but I didn't know then how soon I'd hear her say those words again.

We hadn't marched a mile, and we had only four to go, when some infernal Fritzies sent us a bomb from the air.

We weren't looking for anything like that and it blew a dozen or more of our boys to atoms.

I was in the rear line, and a blooming piece of shell shattered a bone in my ankle, knocking the sense clear out of me.

The next thing I knew, I was lying in the field, and the boys were not to be seen. Guess they thought I'd gone along up high.

I couldn't go four miles, but there was a chance of my going one, so I started back where we'd camped. There would at least be shelter there.

First crawling, then resting, then crawling, I traveled back. It seemed thousands of miles, but finally I reached the village, and later the house of Sunny and her mother.

They took care of me for almost a month and I was beginning to think about getting back to the boys.

One evening while the peasant woman was preparing our meagre meal and I was awkwardly trying to help where I could, Sunny came running in, and chattered such a muddle of French and broken English that I didn't get a word, but the mother understood.

Taking my arm she commanded, 'Come' in such a tone that I went, at once, though I didn't know why.

She led me through the room where she and her daughter slept, into a small adjoining room where clothes were hung. Here she opened a door into what seemed solid wall, and told me to enter.

I hesitated. 'Hurry—the Germans!' she said, and before I could remonstrate I was alone.

I could hear nothing, it seemed as though I had stayed in that narrow place for years. I tried to get out and could not. I became alarmed and, determined to escape. But no matter how much I shoved and tugged, and pulled, the door remained closed.

The thought came to me, perhaps I am turned around and after all am not pounding on the door; so I moved about and tried in a new place.

Much to my surprise I was rewarded at once by the opening of the door.

I stepped out and, blinded by the light, stumbled toward the kitchen. The Fritzies had come—and gone!

Across the table lay the body of the peasant woman as she had fallen when shot. Where was the child? A feeling of rage came over me.

'Sunny! Sunny!' I called, but there was no reply.

I strode to the door, and there on the grass, was Sunny.

As I bent over her she opened her big eyes and smiled. Her lips moved and I bent close to hear.

'I didn't tell, so—they shot her—and me. Jack, tell—tell the Sammies I—loved Old Glory—too!' she said, and that was all.

A bugle shrieked out the call, 'To Arms,' and, as each soldier grimly took his place, a fair haired youth called out, 'Joe! Joe!'

'What?'

'If I don't come back—Tell the Sammies—I loved Old Glory—too!'

Muriel Mackie.

HONORABLE MENTION

"REDDY'S ERRAND."

From behind a heavy door protruded a thick mass of red hair, then came a wrinkled forehead, two widely opened blue eyes, a very freckled nose, and a mouth that made you think it's owner was much in doubt. The rest of what was commonly called "Reddy" (which wasn't much) and, a long, seemingly heavy article, squeezed themselves into view and started rather warily down the walk.

Reddy was on a very important errand. In truth, he was starting out to kill the Kaiser. To look at him, one would not suppose him to be old enough to know what a "Kaiser" is, but he knew, and was starting out with a very strong determination not to return until he had completed his task. His doubt was over the fact that he would be caught with the package he carried—the only weapon that could be found in the house—his grandfather's sword. It was of very ancient design, but all Hamilton Street prized it, and he carried it with pride and carefulness.

As I said before, he was starting out to kill the Kaiser. He had seen many pictures of that animal, so he tho't to himself, "I'll just walk along the street in that Germany place when I get there, and when I meet him, I'll jist ram this right through him, and kill him, you bet!"

Reddy lived in New York, and what is more, right near a place where the ships come in, so he did not have far to walk before he arrive dat his destination. But the main thing was, how was he to get on board without being seen? There was his opportunity standing right at the foot of the gangplank—the same number of feet in thickness as in heighth! Very carefully he crept up close to the big man, and whenever an officer came into sight he could tell them by their uniforms—he stepped to the side where the officer wasn't. By doing this he capered all the way down the passage until he got to the end. Then—horrors! There were two officers, one on each side. He made a brave attempt to squeeze through, but was caught! However, he was used to such happenings and explained that he could see his mother just ahead a little way, so honest facedly, that the officers let him go without a doubt in their minds but what he was telling the ruth.

Reddy was soon on a big, wide deck and such things to see! Then the people, too, were interesting. There were troops who were headed for France, but oh! what a queer looking person standing over there! Reddy walked closer and observed the man more carefully. Why! Oh! How surprising. The boat hadn't sailed yet, either, and he could go right home again after accomplishing his errand. But it might sail anytime. So he pulled the sword out quickly and rushed straight for Mr. Kaiser. The poor man might have suffered a terrible fate if a soldier had not caught Reddy just in time to prevent his victim from being enirely cut in two. As it was, the ancient weapon went in only about haf a nnch. But that half inch revealed to the officers some very important news. Reddy was not electrocuted nor rewarded, but was enlightened as to the situation and sent home. He had not killed the kaiser, or even seen him, but was satisfied to go home anyway, for he had probably saved a good many American lives by revealing

a German spy.

Boost for the next contest.

Marjorie Beam '21

WHEN BILLY LEFT US.

When the day's 'bout over
And the sun goes slippin' down
And the crickets sort o'holler
And the leaves get sort o'brown.

And the fire begins to cackle
And the lamp makes shimmery light,
Then's the time to hear the story
'Bout the war and awful fight.

Then's the time when Billy left us,
When the grass was brown and sear,
And the wind was just a whistlin'
Most so loud you couldn't hear.

Mother got all white and shaky,
And she seemed about to swoon,
When far up in that hill top
Came the bugles' awful tune.

When Billy stooped and kissed me
He didn't cry at all,
Just whispered somethin'
'Bout that bugles' call.

Dad's voice faltered slightly,
And he trembled just a mite,
When he held Bill's hand and said
He knew he'd stand for right.

Nancy didn't blush at all
When Billy kissed her cheek.
She just leaned against him,
All pale and sick and weak.

O! that's the time when Billy left us;
When the grass was brown and sear,
And the wind was just a whistlin'
'Most so loud you couldn't hear.

Days and weeks and months went by,
But Bill's letters never came;
We kept a listenin' and a dreadin'
And a lookin' fer his name.

But the lists of killed and wounded
That made others shake and cry
Didn't seem to mention Billy;
They somehow passed him by.

But the watchin' and the waitin'

And the awful dread and fear
Don't make any difference,
For Billy's comin' near.

Then's the time when Billy's comin',
When the grass is brown and sear,
And the wind is just a whistlin'
'Most so loud you cannot hear.

Ina Reins.

The Autobiography of a Freshman.

The first recollection I have is of an experience upon the farm. Being very fond of the little fluffy balls called 'chicks', I grabbed one and loved it—loved it in the way I thought it should be loved. The result was a dead chicken.

A few years later, I had the pleasure of falling down stairs and breaking my nose. That was a glorious experience filled with sobs and cries of, "Mama, it hurts!"

I am very thankful to the kind mother and father who have so patiently tried to make a success of me. I hope I shall be something worth while for their sakes.

In my short life I have been punished for various offenses, such as running away, being saucy to my elders and other impertinent acts. These corrections were very painful to parts of my anatomy, but the pain was gone in few short hours and I was happy again.

When I started to school, I had one idea in mind—to be a great scholar. I was. I filled my books and papers with marks totally unknown to any race of people in the world. Up to the age of seven, I kept this one idea in mind, but it soon lost its attraction and I drifted along, getting my lessons just as other boys and girls did.

I was always getting into trouble. It seems as if I were born under an unlucky star for I am the most unfortunate person I know of. I was eating the frosting off a chocolate cake; I got caught at that. I was making faces at a girl across the aisle and for this offense, I was made to sit up in the front seat till recess. Oh! I can't name all the scrapes I've been into and suffered for.

My playmates were boys, ever since I can remember living here. I was one of the "gang." I dared and took dares, just as the boys did. I stole grapes, cherries, green apples, and plums, all because the

boys did.

The boys played war and I played war too. I couldn't be a soldier because I was a girl, so I was the nurse. But I never had ny patients for the enemy didn't seem to shoot straight enough to hit our boys.

These games of war and nursing aroused my fancy to be a nurse. So accordingly, my poor, dear Tommy-cat was the victim of my practices. He was bandaged and powdered and fed. Each day he was the "wounded man", and I was sent to care for him until one day Tommy wouldn't stand this treatment any longer. He tore the bandages, tipped over the bottle of vinegar I was trying to feed him, and ran out of doors. Nothing daunted, I still practiced nursing altho' my efforts were confined to the making of surgical dressings instead of to taking care of "wounded men."

I still have a faint ambition to be a nurse, but I haven't had time to think about the position in life I'll fill. But there is time yet to decide.

Another woe added to my long list of trouble which is making my hair turn gray, was the serious mishap of having a boy throw some gum into my hair. I was "mad" and if I can't fight when I lose my temper, I cry. So I cried and made great puddles of salt water on the floor. The result of the gum throwing was that the Biology teacher, armed with her scissors, snipped and snipped till she removed not only the gum, but several locks of hair as well.

NEVA SPENCE.

Drift, drift, drift
Thru the sunshine sift
Dainty dreams of autumn,
Drift, drift drift.

Nod, nod, nod
O'er the grass and sod
Golden rod of autumn,
Nod, nod, nod.

Float, float, float
Like a fairy boat
Gaudy leaves of autumn,
Float, float, float.

ARE YOU A NEUTRAL?

I enlisted in the American Ambulance

Service simply because of a taunt and because my best friend was enlisting too. I went to France almost as a neutral because I could not and would not believe my ears. In Paris I had not changed, though I saw widows everywhere, convalescent soldiers, many with their boyish faces suddenly aged and horror plainly written in their eyes, for I said, "All is the same on the other side." But, when I was gradually advanced to the front as I became more and more efficient in driving through mud, I changed in character as well as in appearance. The mud is simply awful, I mean it is awe inspiring. It sucks at your feet, it is slimy, sticky, rancid, sickening mud.

When I was finally put on active duty, I was expected to drive a common Ford car, the only kind used at the front, fitted with three or sometimes four stretchers on which terribly wounded men lay, through inky blackness, over shell holes ranging up to thirty feet across, on trails known as roads, all the time hearing the fiendish screaming of the shells and being on the alert for the peculiar whine that means danger, and surrounded, covered, swamped by mud and incessant rain.

Within three days I lost all my neutrality and became a pacifist for life. Not a simpish, unpatriotic, mouthy pacifist, but an active pacifist who believes that side-stepping and talk is not a road to lasting peace. The first day I was allowed to wander in one of those many French and Belgium towns where the fatalistic population clings to the old home in spite of shells and invasion by the Huns. There I saw the starving little children, homeless, hopeless, and horribly mangled. I noticed one with the features of an old, rheumatic man. I held out a piece of hardtack and she came with a cunning light in her eyes. She held out her arms, they ended at the wrist. In answer to my questions she answered only, "Les Boche." (The Block-heads.)

The second day I went to an old German redoubt and poked around for souvenirs. I found two which will never wash out of my memory. One, a gas tank labeled with the factory number and the date 1912. The other, a portable liquid fire tank with the date March 1914. Yes, the war was forced on Germany.

The third day, yesterday, I was sent on a hurry up call to a dressing station. There on the dressing table was a boy of fifteen with a smile on his face, attended only by one dead-tired nurse. (In this war "dead-tired" means **dead** tired.) I said, "Why, you are only scratched."

He answered, "Yes, I will soon be with mother."

The nurse put her finger to her lips and in answer to my surprised glance she beckoned me to the back of the cot. His back represented the most convincing lesson against modern warfare I have yet seen. It was really all gone on the left side. The sight was sickening. I turned to the nurse and mutely asked, "How?"

She answered bitterly, "Dum-dumbs. God and the nations of the world decided against their use, but the Kaiser sets aside His decisions as easily as he breaks a treaty."

I answered, "But his courage, his talk of mother?"

She answered proudly, "Frenchmen always die so. He knows. His mother was killed in the first days of the invasion for not smiling at a Prussian officer. There is no need for you here."

I am no longer neutral. The Frenchman does not hate, he looks on the Hun with disgust, as he would on a reptile. The English does not hate, the Huns are not sportsmen, they break the rules of the game, they are beneath notice. But I who have suffered nothing, do hate, loathe or despise, the people who say, "Me und Gott."

(This is a true story in the sense that there is no exaggeration, as all these incidents have been told before, in one form or another by responsible eye-witnesses.)

B. N.

SENIOR "LIT." PROGRAM.

The First senior program of this year was held in the Auditorium. It was a fine beginning, the subject of all the papers and music, "War." Good spirit was shown in the closing number, which was "Popular War Songs," led by Mr. Pollard and sung by the class.

"Johnny, what is 'capital punishment?'"

"Bein' shut up in a cupboard full o' jam an' cookies an' things."

ATHLETICS

FOOT BALL SEASON OPENS TODAY.

The first foot ball game of the season will be played this afternoon at Maxwell Park. Everybody out!

The inter-class series will consist of six games. Each team will play all other teams once. Two games will be placed each week, so there should be some excitement for the next three weeks.

All Class Rooters should be out, and you make it your business to see that everyone in your class is a rooter.

Thompson predicts some hard games especially between the Sophs and Seniors. Rooting is going to be a big factor as most of the players are inexperienced and may get "rattled."

We are all sorry Ames is not represented in State athletics, but let's not act so that anyone can call us "crabbers," or "quitters." Let's be glad that so many boys of such varying sizes are getting foot ball training. Remember, always, that we are much prouder of our big boys who will soon be playing in the big game across the pond than we would be if they had stayed at home and won the State Championship.

Now let's have a big turn-out to the games. The Admission is **free**! You come! Bring your class-mates! Everybody Out!

(If you don't know who is playing, ask any wide-awake boy. The Spirit went to press too soon to get the results of the "flip."

Athletic News.

After looking over the last three nights of practice, we must recognize the fact that the Juniors have still some pep. The Juniors have had their eleven men out the last three nights and are now rounding in shape for a good team.

The preps have remained the same. O'Brien, Griffeth, Thompson and Noble have been turning out regularly but the others have been coming out a few nights and then staying away the rest of the time. Preps, if you want to make an eleven that will represent your class, be like the Juniors and get a lot of pep.

The Sophomores and Seniors have been given their signals for simple, fake plays, and different formations, and have got them under way so that they will be ready when the first game is scheduled.

The tennis tournament has been moving right along except for the Freshmen. Only one match has been played off and no chance for others unless they are played by Wednesday night. Among the Juniors, C. Adams was eliminated by R. Potter (6-3) (6-0).

In the Seniors, Innes eliminated Good (6-2) (6-4). So those that are left on second round are Aplan, Innes, and Beach. For the Sophs, Tostlebe eliminated Huckle (6-1) (6-0); Tesdal eliminated Stewart (6-2) (6-2). Those who are left to play in the second round are Scovel, Thornburg, Tostlebe and Tesdal.

The boys gymnasium classes are in full swing and the boys are learning to march, keep time, and to be more like soldiers every day.

GIRLS ATHLETICS

The girls were all glad when they heard regular gym work was to commence Tuesday, Oct. 9. There are a number of girls in A. H. S. who have already won honors and letters. The highest honor that has been given is a "Double A" to Edith Wallis. The "A" girls in school now are: Marjorie Nichols, Fern Grover, Jennie McCucky, Dorothy Beam, Edith Wallis, Dorothy Gruell, and Hazel Cave.

Miss Boyd was a week end visitor at Des Moines.

Fern Grover gave a party at her home, Oct. 11.

Evelyn Tripp went for a fifty mile motor ride Sunday, Oct. 7.

A bunch of High School girls on Oakland Street, Fourth Ward, had a jolly good time Saturday evening, Oct. 6.

A lively social committee has been selected from the senior list: Marie Judge, Leona Nunamaker, Marjorie Nickols, Lester Savvain and John Safly. They will have charge of parties, picnics and other

social affairs for the class. In spite of the fact that we seniors must work hard this year we are planning some jolly times.

The senior class will have charge of the assembly October 24. This committee—Edith Wallis, Millie Lerdall, Marguerite Kirkham, Forest Clark, and Walton Goode—have promised that an interesting program will be given.

S-sh-h-h. Just a hint. Camera fiends, sneak up on these "sob" scenes and get us some good snap shots for the annual. All pictures and drawings for the Annual should be handed to Gilberta Luke at once!

Stories and poems for the next Literary edition should be handed in as soon as possible. Extra English credit will be given, in most cases, three points on the six week's grade.

Great Mystery—Why did "Ted" Jones only have twenty cents left after spending the evening with Marian Smith in the city of Ames? (Of course we don't know how much he had at first.) Also, what is the great attraction that takes him to Nevada every Sunday evening?

Miss Coffey, Miss Thornburg, Miss Caskey, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Roberta enjoyed a "watermelon supper" at the home of Miss Coffey's sister in Roland, Tuesday, Oct. 9.

Miss Coffey will give a speech at the State Teachers' Meeting, which will be held in Des Moines, November 1, 2 and 3.

RAH! RAH! JUNIORS!

Altho the Junior boys lacked adequate enthusiasm at the first of the foot ball season they have made a fine showing the last three or four evenings. They were accused of not having pep at the first, but they have the largest per cent of players out on the foot ball field for the number of boys that are in the Junior class. They are assured of a strong team with the following line up:

"Bob" Potter piloting the team; McDowell at full; Ross and "Tug" Hess at right half; "Chev" Adams and Oakley Ray at left half completes the back field. John Myers at the pivot position; Cupps and Crook guards; Dalby and Jarvis tackles; Byrnes and Howe at the wing position, completes the line up with the exception of Harry Williams who may make a change

in the formation as soon as his ankle recovers. (Entered by request.)

KLEPTO—?

Are there Kleptomaniacs in our midst? (Use Websters' Dictionary.) Something is surely wrong. Books, papers, fountain pens have been vanishing at a great rate lately. Perhaps one does not realize he is stealing when he "borrows" a book or something, but he surely is. Don't be a Kleptomaniac; it is as bad as it sounds.

WOULDN'T IT SEEM QUEER?"

(to see)

Ada Meltzer without a smile,
Edith Smart out of style.
Lucile Lang without her ford,
Driving as if she were a lord.
Ralph Ross reading a book,
After catching a teacher's "look".
Dorothy Harriman without Dietz,
Their babyish ways can't be beat.
Hazel Cave out of prim,
Just like one of the gold dust twins.
Barclay Noble walking slow,
When the "Spirit" is waiting, you know.
"Flip" and "Buzz" without a man,
Stepping out if they can.

"That's all."

M. N.

Considering the political situation at the present time, it has seemed best to offer a study in Civics. Surely nothing could be more practical, as so many people are still ignorant of the governmental affairs and so to make better citizens, this course is given and required for graduation. All seniors who have not had Civics will be placed in an advanced class during the second semester.

If you ask Marion Smith why she likes to drive Ted Jones' Ford, she'll tell you its because she enjoys running down innocent old cows and bending up the Ford fenders.

Theresa Judge upon being asked to sing, "I Love You Truly," stammered, "Oh, no, wait until Ed comes."

"There, little girl, don't cry;
They have broken your doll, I know."
Then she turned around, and behold, I saw
A woman of sixty or so.—Copped.

NEWS

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Buchanan, a Girls' Secretary from Des Moines who talked to the Ames High Girls, Oct. 9, aroused more interest and enthusiasm for Y. W. C. A. than there was already. The girls have been wanting some chance to become acquainted and to get together for good times and interesting work. A Y. W. C. A. organization seems to be just the thing to accomplish all this. With the help of the college girls and leaders and Miss Miller we ought to have a fine live Y. W. C. A. Unit.

WHAT Y. W. C. A. IS!

In these days of efficiency we feel like putting a "Stop! Look! Listen! sign before everything we write. The term Y. W. C. A. has come to most of us with a new force. We have been accustomed to think of it as some vague possibility—a thing to be attained in the future.

The Y. W. C. A. is not only a state wide organization; it is word wide. It is organized for the main purpose of helping girls to live a better balanced life. To promote this aim, it has for its motto—"Body, mind and spirit."

The Y. W. C. A. activities are very well adapted to a well rounded life. There is the friendship or membership activity; the social service; the devotional and the social.

It is useless to ask whether or not it is worth while to ally ourselves with such an organization. Right now the High School girls in Ames have the opportunity to become a part of this great world wide movement. Is it not worthy of the most serious consideration?

How will the Ames High School girls profit by such an alliance? In the first place it will help the girls to know each other better. Friendship is a wonderful thing and it will be much more broadening to know more than one select group of girls. In the second place, it will put them on record as being wide awake and willing to join the great army of service. It is an opportunity to help out in the

spirit of democracy which is so necessary to the life of our nation.

A meeting was held Monday afternoon for the purpose of organization but the Spirit had gone to press.

BOOST FOR DEBATING.

With one veteran of last year's debating team as a nucleus, Miss Stewart is endeavoring to secure a large number for the tryouts. To date, only three or four have signed up, while a few others have signified their intention of doing so.

A school of this size should have at least twenty five debaters to pick from. The benefits of debating are many: one receives experienced coaching; acquires ability to speak in public; and is trained to reason out questions; and to argue intelligently.

Why isn't more interest shown? We all expect the other fellow to do it. Do it yourself, you're able, if you were not mentally able you wouldn't be in school. A large mount of the success of a debater depends on his mental powers.

Do your bit! and make a successful season along the debating line.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST.

The Declamatory Contest has aroused considerable interest. Thirty people have signed up and several more intend to do so. The Freshmen have volunteered exceptionally well; this is fortunate because they can carry on the work for several years.

The upper class men have failed woefully to do their part, not one entering. The older boys especially are urged to enter the oratorical division. In order to put the contest on a firm basis the upper classes should have their representatives.

The first try outs will probably be held the nineteenth or twentieth of December,—the finals open to the public, a week or so later. The date and place for the sub-district contest, in which Ames will be represented, will be announced in a later issue.

The speaker may choose his own subject but it must not be more than fifteen minutes in length.

Altho you may not coin a prize in the contest, the training derived is almost invaluable. The ability to speak well before an audience is one of the most valuable assets a person can have. The opportunity is open to all who grasp it and they will be fully repaid for trying out at least. Hand in your name at once and make the Declamatory Contest the best ever.

Hi Y Activities.

On Wednesday, October third, a talk by Coach Mayser from the college on "Good Sportsmanship," was much enjoyed by the fine bunch of fellows that were out. Mayser gave us a picture of two types of great athletics. One was Coach Sharp of Cornell University, active in all athletics as well as the Y. M. C. A., who attended to his own religious affairs. The other fellow was also a great athlete but he was the type who try to correct others as well as number one. Some of Mayser's humorous remarks added a great deal to the talk.

The key fellows of the school were out and Hi Y extends an invitation to all the new ones to come back again and be a part of the organization. Some mighty fine talks and programs are being planned which are well worth the time.

Wednesday night, October tenth, was a social night—advertised as a Paddle Social. Sayre, from the college Y. M. C. A., gave a good talk on "Bible Study." After the talk, the rest of the evening was turned over to the social committee. Games such as Basket Ball, Shoe Race, Hot Hand, Boxing Matches and contests of different kinds were staged, after them the eats, which consisted of apples and popcorn.

To give the fellows a hint of what we do every evening the program is as follows: From seven to seven thirty boxing matches are staged; next, the gang goes to the auditorium where the main program of the evening is carried out, two songs are sung, prayer, a good talk by some college fellow or business man who is popular among the boys, followed by a patriotic song and a closing prayer. Those who care to remain, gather around the piano and

sing popular songs. Once every month the evening is given over to the social committee. Let's be good sports and back the Hi Y.

THE HI Y'S PROGRAM FOR THE FIRST SEMESTER

What is the "Hi Y?" What is it doing in the high school? Does it need me? Have the majority of fellows in Ames High been fair enough with themselves to try to answer these questions? We think they have not. The purpose of this article is to help them answer these questions.

First, the purpose of the "Hi Y" is to help a fellow live a clean, straight, manly life, while doing this to contribute as much as he can toward his high school. Would you be ashamed to line up with any organization for that purpose? Would you be a "Sissy?"

Second, not what has it done, but what it is doing. With a bunch of twenty-five or thirty fellows as a nucleus, it is trying to carry out the above purposes.

Following are the ways its members are endeavoring to accomplish those purposes:

General Program for the Semester.

1. Meeting once each week on Wednesday evening for a short talk by some prominent man. Such subjects as the following to be considered: "A Boy's Job in War Times." "Good Sportsmanship." "Why Bible Study?" "The Value of a College Education." "The Christmas Program." "Our School Standards, Etc."

2. In addition to these short talks about twenty minutes' good, snappy Bible study is led by an outside prominent person and applied to our every day work in high school.

3. Once each month a friendly, social good time, special athletic stunts and eats.

4. Sending The Spirit to our boys who have enlisted. Writing them letters of encouragement, etc.

5. Contributing a day's work each month or one dollar in cash to improve the prison camps in Europe. Help the army Y. M. C. A. and starving people of the war stricken countries.

6. Conducting a big all-high school carnival or social stunt for an evening's entertainment and fun for everybody in the high school.

The above is merely a general program

of the "Hi Y" for the first semester. Isn't this enough to prove to you that this is an organization with a purpose to build up our high school and help fellows to be clean, honest, manly and patriotic? Is it worth your while? "Hi Y" needs you.

ATTENTION! ROOTERS!

For a while this fall, there will be no chance for Inter-High School competition, so to keep Ames High Rooters in condition there must be just oddles and oddles of Class Pep. The series of interclass games arranged by Mr. Thompson will be the biggest factor, but "The Spirit" also wants to help. For this reason, "The Spirit" is offering the following proposition: that, the class having the largest percentage of its members listed as subscribers will be allowed to put out an edition of "The Spirit" all alone. The class reporter will be the Editor for two busy weeks. Class Presidents should co-operate by appointing committees to canvas all of their members. The runner up also will be allowed this honor, but not the fame of being the most loyal class in our school. Say! Everybody! lets get busy and organize. Lets make "Our Boys" at the front proud of the rest of us. Everyone of them will receive a "Spirit" with the compliments of the School. They will know just what you are doing for your school. Any names not appearing on the list in the first issue should be handed to Tom Musen at once.

A special subscription price of fifty cents will be made after this issue.

LET'S BREAK OUR RECORD!

A. H. S. has again entered the State Extemporaneous League. We entered last year, but of course not many could be expected to know it since we did nothing, but enter.

It is well worth while to enter this as the two interdistrict champions will be given a four year scholarship to the State University of Iowa.

Each school entering is allowed one contestant and each contestant is allowed eight minutes to discuss one of the fifteen subjects.

There should be at least six or ten enter the Preliminary contest which will be held here in the Auditorium. The person who

wins out in the preliminary will represent us at the District contest and finally at the State, which is held at Iowa City.

"Where there's a will there's a way", and if Ames High School enters this with the same force and pep as is being shown in other activities this year, we will not only be represented at the State Contest, but one of us will get the scholarship.

For further information and a list of subjects see Miss Williams, who has charge of it.

Is this your copy or are you 'mooching' from some real rooter?

THE BOY SCOUTS.

The scouts of Ames are getting well started on their new year's work. Troop One held its annual election in September. The following officers were elected: Leslie Gray, Patrol, and Raymond Byrnes, assistant Patrol, leader of the Crow Patrol. Russell Coon, Patrol leader and Glenn Durrell assistant Patrol leader of the Whip-poor-will Patrol. Carvel Caine Patrol leader and Robert Potter assistant Patrol leader of the Raven Patrol. Russell Coon, being the elder of the Patrol Leaders took the office of troop President. Raymond Byrnes was re-elected scribe and Robert Potter received the treasureship. Mr. Singer gave a short talk at that meeting outlining our work for the year, both along the line of business and social activities.

We are planning to make a better showing than ever before and will endeavor to have each Scout pass up a number of tests in the following year. The meetings are to be held more often than formerly some of which will be devoted entirely to having a good time.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The literary work for this semester is to be carried out along a plan similar to that of last year. Each class is to be organized into a society and will have its own program committee and officers, elected by the class. Two supervisors have been selected for each class from among the teachers. They are for the first semester as follows:

Senior Miss Sprague, Miss Coskery
Junior Miss Coffee, Miss Williams
Sophomore Miss Gates, Miss Niles

Freshmen . . Miss Thornburg, Miss Miller

The programs are to be given only once a month instead of every two weeks, as was done last year. Following is the schedule:

Friday, Sept. 28 . . . Seniors . . . Auditorium
Juniors . . . Study Hall
Friday, Oct. 26 . . . Sophs . . . Study Hall
Freshmen . . Auditorium
Wed., Nov. 28 . . . Sophs . . . Study Hall
Juniors . . . Auditorium
Friday, Dec. 21 . . . Sophs . . . Study Hall
Freshmen . . Auditorium

SCHEDULE OF ASSEMBLIES—FIRST SEMESTER 1917-1918.

AMES HIGH SCHOOL.

Wednesday, Sept. 19, Mr. Helsey—The H. S. and the War.
Wednesday, Sept. 26, Miss Freed—The Library and the H. S.
Wednesday, Oct. 3, Rev. Harris—The H. S. Pupil and Religion.
Wednesday, Oct. 10, Mr. Pollard—Special Music.
Tuesday, Oct. 16, Professor Beckman—Some Things the Board of Education Would Like to See the H. S. Accomplish.
Wednesday, Oct. 24, Senior Class Program.
Wednesday, Oct. 31, Mr. Steffey—H. S. Citizenship.
Wednesday, Nov. 7, Dr. Proctor—The H. S. Pupil's Responsibility for Health.
Wednesday, Nov. 21, Mr. Pollard—Special Musical Program.
Wednesday, Dec. 5, Mr. Judish—The H. S. as the Business Men See It.
Wednesday, Dec. 12, Sophomore Class Program.
Wednesday, Dec. 19, Christmas Program.
Wednesday, Jan. 9, Judge Lee—What the H. S. Should Contribute to the Community.

In addition to the presentation of these subjects during each assembly, the regular devotional exercises will be held. Also special music will be provided. We shall greatly appreciate the cooperation of every pupil in helping make our assemblies a valuable contribution to our high school life.

JUNIOR "LIT." PROGRAM.

Friday, September 28, the junior class had its first literary program. After roll call by the secretary a very good program was given. One very interesting number was a campfire song by eight girls in costume. The program came to a close with the singing of "America" by the class.

Re-mem-ber!

The Spirit is a student publication, and its only excuse for life is the furthering of student interests. If you have suggestions, if anything in school is not as you think it should be, it ought to be your duty and pleasure to write it up and put it in the "Spirit Box" at the back of the Study Hall. Everything will be published except personal "slams" or jealous hits. We can make the student opinion column a vital force in the life of the school.

FOOD CONSERVATION.

Themes are being written by all Sophomores in their English classes. There is a state contest which consists of four classes which may win: 1. rural one-room schools. 2. fourth, fifth and sixth grades of consolidated schools. 3. seventh and eighth grades in town and consolidated schools. 4. high school grades. The essays must be written in school under the charge of a teacher on Monday, Oct. 15. The subject for the theme is "Food Conservation or How to Save Food." The object of carrying on this work in the schools is to make people realize that they must economize food to help win the war.

Sophomores of Ames High get busy and not only "do your bit" but "do your best in this educational drive to help win the war."

"What is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

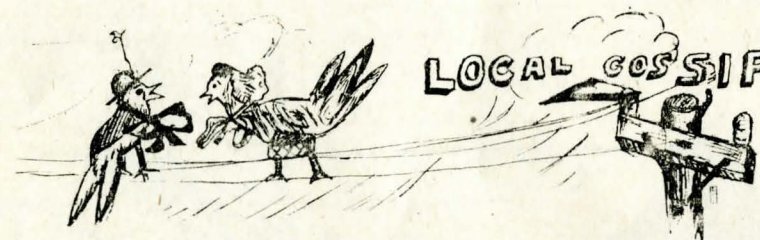
"You don't have to pay anything for lightning."

Miss Coskery: "Edna, what was Miss Arletta's idea of heaven?"

Edna Armstrong: "Well, she thought it was warm."

"Which animal is satisfied with the least amount of nourishment?"

"The moth: It only eats holes."



Jessie Gibbs and Edna Wearth were Des Moines visitors Sunday.

Dorothy Oliver made a week-end trip to Cedar Rapids.

Rose Gore and Hazel Richter were at Roland for the week-end.

Rozella Carberry and Marie Judge went to Boone Tuesday night.

Dietz Nelson was absent from school all day October 8 (?).

Christine Arnold went to see her parents in the country.

It has almost been decided necessary to employ an extra postman for the special use of the girls receiving mail from Camp Cody and Cimp Mills.

On account of the kindergarten recently installed the home economics sewing room has been transferred to the basement of Central school. The room has been enamelled in white and being well equipped and lighted it is very effective.

Orville Aplan was drafted, but he has not had time to write and let any of his Ames friends know his address.

Harvey Fitch has completed his training course and is expecting to go on active duty. Two boys from the same school are already out, the one on a mine sweeper in the English channel, the other on a patrol boat.

Please hand in the names and addresses of any A. H. S. boys who have enlisted and we have missed. Any letters or parts of letters which could be published will be welcomed by the whole school.

Don't forget that the annual is coming and that every penny extra will be put into it.

Barbara Stanton, Ethel Cole, Harriet Sloss, Dorothy McCarroll and Agnes Noble took a hike to the woods about five miles east of Gilbert last Saturday. There they had a regular picnic and gathered nuts. P. S.—They hiked out on the train and back

in Stanton's auto.

Mayser invited the boys to come out to the gym next winter and learn to wrestle and box. He has the boys' thanks.

Harriet Tilden and a few friends motored to Nevada Saturday.

The Junior Ragtime Orchestra met last time with Florence Goddard. Norma Haverly was a guest.

Goldie Jacobson, Elsie Elliot, Estella Sill and Miss Stewart drove to Gilbert last week.

Fern Grover had a party for a few friends last Thursday evening.

Marie Mortenson entertained a few girls at her home Friday evening, Oct. 5.

Word has been received that Dale McCarty is sick in a hospital in Honolulu. It is not known how seriously ill he is.

Have you heard of Margaret Sloss' niece? It is predicted that she will be a very wonderful girl.

Helen and Hazel Nesbit spent last week end in Nevada with friends.

Teachers and pupils unite in the praise of 'Jim and Ragesdale' our first prize janitors. Jim says all the pretty girls speak to him but Ragesdale says all the good ones speak to him so its quits. Lets remember how they help us when we are in trouble and go a little easy throwing chalk and stepping on it.

Friday evening Oct. 5, the Sophs had a grand glorious picnic at Swinging Bridge. Wienies and marshmallows were roasted and every one there had the time of their lives. The whole party was taken out in cars.

Dorothy Beam and Lillie Roberson have each received a diploma in typewriting. The test they passed was to write forty words a minute for ten minutes with not more than five mistakes. Miss Boyd prophecies gold medals for them in the near future.



The algebra class working graph problems. Lydia Tilden: "Well, I don't see how you get those curves to go straight."

"Who's going with Buzz Lang now?"
"Nobody."

Bill Winters: "What did you do in Economics today?"

John S. "Got bawled out again."

In a small English town there were two rival sausage makers who lived across the street from each other. One of them placed over his shop the following legend:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country."

The next day over the way appeared the sign:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."

Not to be out done, the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely:

"We sell sausages to the King."

Next day, over the way appeared this simple expression of loyalty:

"God save the King."

—Christian Science Monitor.

"I haven't slept for days."

"Sick?"

"Naw, I sleep nights."—Copped.

Mrs. Wherry, upon finding the kitchen in a very disorderly state, exclaimed angrily: "Doris, what have you been doing? Every dish and utensil have been used!"

Doris who was rather discouraged after such strenuous work, stammered: "Why—Mother, I was just baking a potato like

Miss Miller taught us in Home Economics this morning."

"Isn't it terrible to think he went right through Tom's windshield?"

Gladys G.: "What's the windshield?"

Miss Niles, in Geometry, had asked how to go about it to connect the three points of a given triangle.

Romon Knipe: "Put the leg in point A, and draw it around to B and C."

Ancient History.—"What is the worst side of naval warfare?"

"The broad-side, ma'am."

"Dad, isn't this roast beef?" asked the small boy.

Dad stopped talking long enough to say: "Yes, son."

"Why, I thought you said you were going to bring a mutton head home to dinner."

And the guest actually blushed.

THE TRUTH IS OUT.

"Tommy, why were you fighting that boy?"

"To keep from gettin' licked."

TOO LITERAL.

"Oh, you had just ought to have seen Doc. Kelso pinch Lucile Lang."

Prep. (curiously) "Where did he pinch her?"

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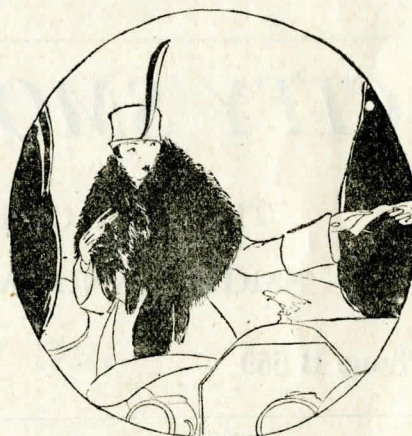
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